

# Good Morning

**\$96**

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Ron Richards' SHOP TALK



## Here's a New Commission Party

And why the smiles? Wouldn't everybody smile since the new submarine—officially Job No. J.3636—is finished and ready for other jobs? Hence the party, with Lieut. Peter Youngman, D.S.C., Lieut. B. Baynham, and just a few friends saying "Here's luck!" All aboard for Victory.

LIEUT. BRIAN BAYNHAM, R.N., first lieutenant of a boat being built at Cammell Lairds, invited me to attend the party between the makers and the crew. Thanks for a grand party, gentlemen. Hope when you get some foster-parents I will meet you again. And, of course, you will all be welcome in Fleet Street any time.

It was good meeting the captain and "Jimmy" of the boat next door, too. I have done something about the adoption, and when a department finally stakes its claim we will have to organise a party.

The crest is being worked on by Buck Ryan author Jack Monk. Soon he will be submitting some rough sketches. The one I like best is the one of a fighting cock with large spurs.

FOR outstanding courage, skill and devotion to duty in successful patrols in H.M. Submarines:—

Bar to the D.S.C.  
Lieut. Douglas Lambert, D.S.C., R.N., and  
Lieut. (E) David John Lisle Foster, D.S.C., R.N.

The D.S.M.  
P.O. Herbert Arthur Apperley;  
S.P.O. Leslie Christopher Connor; and  
Tel. Sidney Reginald Ottaway.

Mention in Despatches.  
Temp. Lieut. Phillip Arthur Hicks, R.N.V.R.;



Mr. Thomas William Griffin, international language is D.S.M., Temp. Warrant Engineer, R.N.;

C.E.R.A. John Walter Williams; and  
A.B. Hubert Picken.

The same copy of the "London Gazette" announces also the following awards:—

For courage, perseverance and devotion to duty in an attack by human torpedo at Spezia harbour on the night of 21st June, 1944:

The D.S.M.  
P.O. Ck. Conrad Leonard Berrey; and  
Sto. 1st Class William Kenneth Lawrence.

Well done, gentlemen!

AN address at which you might get Margie Stuart is 2, Dean Street, London, W.1., Telegraphist B. Moore. I'm fairly certain that if you mention "Good Morning" your letter will get a friendly reception. If you don't get any luck, let me know and I will have a try.

SO "Good Morning" gals compare favourably with Yank females? According to Sub-Lieut. Stephen Dearnley, that is so, and we are gratified to hear it.

In the same letter was a request for pictures of Shropshire. They are coming up.

Ron Richards

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## A Job waiting for you, L.S. Jim Meaney

WE were glad to find your daughter recovered from her illness when we called at 1, Zion Place Gravesend, Kent, Leading Seaman Jim Meaney. Both she and your wife seemed pleased at this chance to send you greetings; and June tells us she wants you to come for some chicken and Xmas pudding.

It seems a bit late for this now, but that's June's message, anyway. She was very pleased to have had a visit from Father Christmas shortly before we called, and told us that he put his head down the chimney and asked "Is June asleep?" June

evidently wasn't asleep, but what happened after that she wasn't able to remember.

June does a fine job at home looking after your dog, Sperry, but he often seems to miss his master.

It looks as though you are in for a busy time when you get home, Jim, for not only does the house need painting, but there is quite a lot of digging to be done in the garden.

Your wife suggests that it might make a change for you, but we'd better not ask your views on the subject. Anyway, we hope you enjoy the chicken when you get it, Jim.

## There's Music in Money, and Money in Music Says Henry O'Neill

THERE'S money in music; all kinds of music—classical music, dance music, light music. And the "tunesmiths," the men who write what you want to sing, study carefully every need before putting notes and verse upon paper.

Most people look upon musicians as long-haired chaps who rarely have a shilling in their pocket. This is anything but true of the successful song-writers.

Take for example Richard Addinsell. I mention him first because his "Warsaw Concerto" has forced him into the very front rank in recent months.

This piece, which swept into popularity because of its use in the British film "Dangerous Moonlight," has, it has been assessed, made over £120,000 so far for its composer. In addition, the Polish Government has presented him with their Silver Cross of Merit "for outstanding service to Poland in the field of music."

The most wonderful fact about Addinsell's success lies in the fact that this piece, which took him three months

to write, is not of the popular variety—but possesses that "something" that catches the public imagination.

The film gave the public an opportunity to assess its greatness. They responded by buying over 500,000 copies in sheet music, and over 300,000 gramophone records of the work.

It is often surprising how some "incident," such as the film which included the "Warsaw Concerto," makes people conscious of a good effort. It was the radio feature "In Town To-Night" that brought to the fore Eric Coates' now world-famous "Knightsbridge" march.

Although they probably did not realise it when they chose the march as the signature for the popular Saturday feature, the B.B.C. certainly made even those who were not "Eric Coates conscious" aware of his existence.

Since it was introduced by the B.B.C. over half-a-million copies have been sold, and it is still selling.

It should be stressed, however, that the majority of successful song-writers are not



And here, at the important end of the ship, are A.B. S.D. Jock Little, A.B. S.T. Sam Adams, and Stoker (1st Class) Bob Furlong, all complete with the rum punch going a mile.

"money-mad." Eric Coates is a typical example. He gives his services and skill willingly. His 8th Army March, for instance, was written without fee. When a song-writer does get a "smash-hit" he usually pats himself on the back, for the reward is good. Ivor Novello, for instance, is said to have made £17,000 from his last-war favourite, "Keep The Home Fires Burning."

Michael Carr, the Irish song-writer, too, did very well out of such favourites as "South Of The Border" and "Washing On The Siegfried Line."

You have only to listen to any series of records, or go to the theatre, to appreciate the reward for a first-class song. Cole Porter—he was once in the French Foreign Legion—is typical of the successful song-smiths.

His "Night And Day," which even those who hate modern music usually like, has sold over two million copies of

sheet music, and many thousands of records. It continues to bring in handsome sums for Cole Porter.

Irving Berlin reckons to make an average of £100,000 a year. This is not surprising when you remember that 25 of the 800 songs this master tunesmith has written have topped the million mark. His music does not "date," and a Berlin song never appears to get old.

That is why songs he wrote twenty years ago still bring him in big cheques.

Our own Noel Gay, who has composed over 200 popular songs, is another who has proved that it pays to give the popular music they want. His "Lambeth Walk," for instance, has sold nearly three-quarters of a million copies; interesting when one knows that this was not originally intended to be a "smash hit" of the show.

It just happened to "catch on" with the public. When that happens a song is made—and so is its writer!



## FINAL CURTAIN

THE spark that burned to change a dusty, echo-haunted building into a palace of glamorous Eves, where long-limbed girls in wisps of costumes, beautiful near-nudes, danced and sang, went out recently.

It died in the heart and mind of a little Victorian woman of 81, a wrinkled, tired widow whose memories drifted from her for ever in a hospital bed.

It died with Mrs. Laura Henderson, owner of London's Windmill Theatre, as thirty of her pretty girls in their scanty costumes danced in a whirl of gaiety along the footlights.

It was her last wish that the show should go on. She made it in the quietness of her hospital ward, where, away from people she knew, she had placed her spectacles and grey-white wig on a bedside table.

"I'm going to have an operation," she told her producer. "It may go wrong, but if I die the show mustn't stop on my account."

So there was no difference at the Windmill. As the frail old lady lay dead, her "god-children" of the stage played on in London's most undressed show.

FOR thirteen years Laura Henderson "turned the Windmill," astutely, successfully, in the middle of London's West End.

There, an old lady in pearls and warm clothes, she watched the dancers rehearse. The girls with naked legs, stomachs and hips, the men in tight-fitting shorts.

Sometimes, surrounded with young beauty and glamour, lonely Laura Henderson remembered her own youth.

Remembered how she had bowed in her feather head-dress and gown at Queen Victoria's Court, her marriage at twenty-two to an East India merchant, and the first time he took her to a theatre.

"I was horrified," she used to tell her friends. "The girls showed their legs, in open-work black silk stockings. I was shocked."

The bride who was to lose her husband and son and live in loneliness for the last sixteen years of her life, was to forget her shyness about legs.

Dick Gordon

## Where the Pavements End MARSON MARTIN'S COUNTRY CALENDAR



FOR weeks we had been going around telling each other that the sky was full of it. And we all agreed that it was something we could well do without.

Can there be anyone anywhere who really welcomes snow? Well, yes, I think perhaps there is just one class which genuinely thrills to wake up and find that its world has changed overnight into a white fairyland. It's a very small class, and most strictly limited by age and environment. Its members are the boys and girls whose ages range from about four-and-a-half to fourteen and who belong to comfortably-off families living in small towns or in the suburbs of large ones.

To this small class of princes and princesses, snow means snowballing and snowmen and the exquisite joy of searching out the deepest drifts and wading into them, while their feet keep dry and snug inside their wellingtons.

County children hate the snow. To them it means only an added discomfort piled on top of the discomforts common to every winter. All

the "outside chores" around the cottage, drawing the water, wooding, fetching the milk, which are the normal lot of the older children, become tasks of freezing bitterness when the countryside is under snow.

And now the snow has come, and in the whole of the village there is not one to be found who will say a good word for it. Even the Canadian soldiers, who have been telling us around the big fire in the "Horseshoes" tap that their latest letters from home all report big falls, and who might reasonably have been expected to approve this homely touch, have quickly discovered that the English brand of snow differs lamentably from the variety they have been used to.

To discover exactly why snow which comes in large lumps—twenty-two inches in one night—is the boast of a trooper in the Tanks who hails from Medicine Hat—should be preferable to our English flurries, requires elaborate cross-examination. The usual answer is that the Canadian atmosphere is drier

—like wine, as the travel advertisements used to put it.

But I suspect, after deep study, that the real reason lies in the fact that Canadian homes are specially planned and built to support life in comfort during these periods. An efficient furnace in the basement which sends welcome warmth to every room in the house is a trifling amenity which has been overlooked by the builders of our countryside cottages.

If the village is a cold spot at the moment, there are plenty of signs that it will be one of the warmest in the country before the month is out. The Zombies are coming! Within that phrase is sufficient inflammable material, enough super-charged explosive gas, to send the few scattered cottages and the outlying farmsteads soaring skywards in one blinding flash of white light.

For the Canadian soldiers who live in the camps that surround it, and outnumber the villagers by ten to one, are planning a reception for the draftees that promises to be warm indeed.

## The Invisible Stoat Told by FRED KITCHEN

IT was still dark as Jesse made his way towards the wheat-stack in the early morning.

Normally, he would have helped to feed the cattle until daybreak. But this was threshing morning, so Jesse had to go straightway to the ten-acre, to take the thatch off the stack, in readiness for the day's threshing.

A thin sprinkling of snow lay over the fields, and Jesse was surprised to see—though it was still dark—the number of rabbit footmarks indented in the snow alongside the hedge.

It was seldom one saw a rabbit in this field, and only when the snow came did you realise that the hedgerow was so well populated.

He mused on the foolishness of rabbits in advertising their whereabouts, instead of lying low until the snow had gone, for of all wild animals, rabbits are the most defenceless and at the same time most regardless of danger.

Presently he saw an imprint that kept in a straight line alongside the hedge, quite unlike the happy-go-lucky imprint of rabbits, and only showing two impressions instead of the four haphazard marks of the rabbit.

He followed it some way alongside the hedge until it suddenly turned at right-angles across the field, and Jesse judged by a slight depression in the snow that the fox had turned homeward with a rabbit for supper.

Still musing on the "daftness" of rabbits, he reached the wheat-stack in the corner of the ten-acre in the half-light of morning.

He also reached the conclusion that, had not nature made the rabbit a daft animal, foxes, stoats and other predatory animals would soon die of hunger.

He stood by the end of the wheat-stack and looked across the dreary stretch of snow, with little specks of brown soil showing through, when one of the specks hopped aside.

"Another of 'em!" thought Jesse, and wondered if it were going to be his eventually.

But the rabbit sat up, and appeared to be looking straight at Jesse, who stepped behind the stack to see what was going to happen, for evidently his presence was hindering the rabbit from coming home.

He soon found it was not himself the rabbit was watching, but a stoat, which was stealthily watching the poor rabbit's attempt to make for home.

The stoat's winter coat was such a light fawn colour that only when it moved could you distinguish it from the bits of stubble sticking up in the snow.

The rabbit began to get anxious. Instead of aimless little hops, it began to take short runs towards either side hedge. But always the lithe body of the stoat glided across to head it off.

There was the whole ten-acre for the rabbit to escape in, but no, home was a matter of twenty yards away, near the wheat-stack, just beyond the stoat.

With no notion of the easy chance of escape behind it, the rabbit hopped ever sideways and forward, as though fascinated by that little tawny speck that moved along with it—and ever forward.

Ten yards separated them, when the rabbit went p-l-o-k-y, ran wildly in circles, and then "froze" like a clod of earth.

The stoat gave two long jumps, a short squeal broke the silence of the coming day, and Jesse started ripping off the thatch as the rumble of carts announced the approach of the teams for threshing.

### ALEX CRACK

"I'd like to see some ties," said the simple-minded Maisie, entering a clothier's shop.

"For yourself, madam?" asked the assistant.

"No, they're for my boy friend," she replied.

The assistant placed a number of boxes on the counter, and Maisie cast her eyes over the elegant ties.

"No, I don't like any of these," she said.

"How about some club colours?" ventured the assistant helpfully.

"No, thank you," Maisie replied. "Show me some cup-ties. I know he likes those."

Customer: "How much are potatoes to-day?"

Greengrocer: "Five pounds for fourpence."

Customer: "Do you raise them yourself?"

Greengrocer: "Yes, they were five pounds for threepence last week."

## IF YOU'VE GOT A POKER FACE, PAL, THIS IS YOUR GAME—NEWMARKET

NEWMARKET, sometimes called Michigan is reached, someone in the meantime collecting the stakes on the Q if it is hearts. Poker, is a game for three or more players that is mostly an amusing gamble, and has the advantage of being very easily learned. It is played in many countries, with many different methods of staking and variations of the rules. I will describe the essential game first, and then give a few alternative methods of staking.

The standard 52-card pack is used. From a second pack take the A diamonds, K spades, Q hearts, J clubs, and lay them out in the middle of the table. (If a second pack isn't available, simply draw four squares on a sheet of paper and write in the names of these cards.)

The first pack is then dealt, the dealer giving himself two hands of cards. Thus, if there are four players, five hands are dealt. Before looking at their hands, each player stakes one unit or chip on each of the four cards on the table.

After looking at his hand, the dealer has the option of changing with the "spare" hand. If he decides not to exchange, he can "auction" the hand to any other player. The player taking it must give up his own hand, which remains out of the game—lying face down on the table.

The game is started by the player holding the 2 spades laying it down and saying "Two." If no one has the 2 because it is in the spare hand, the 3 is played to start.

The player holding the 3 spades lays it down, saying "three," the four follows, and so on, until the K is reached, when the player putting it down takes the stakes placed on the K spades in the middle of the table.

A spades follows, and then the player putting it down must "change the colour"; that is, start a new run by playing his lowest card of a red suit, when play continues until the A

Now, since there is one spare hand, not played, it is obvious many "runs" will end abruptly.

The 8, say, will be played, and no one has the 9. When this happens, the player of the last card must "change the colour"; that is, play his lowest card of a suit of the opposite colour to that which has been running.

If he cannot change the colour because all the cards in his hand are of one colour, the turn passes to the player on his left, who must "change the colour," and if he is unable to do so, it passes again to the next player.

The object of the game is (a) to collect the stakes on the cards in the centre, and (b) to get rid of all the cards in your hand.

The first player clearing his hand is paid one chip by all other players and the hand is finished. Stakes on cards in the centre which have not been collected remain there for the next hand, and before the next deal each player again stakes one chip on each card in the centre of the table.

It will be seen that with five players and stakes on, say, the K spades not collected for two hands, there will be 15 chips awaiting the lucky holder in the third hand—if he can collect!

The deal passes round the table in the usual way. The only point that needs emphasis, perhaps, is that when you "change the colour" you must play the lowest card in your hand of the suit you choose.

In a second article I will describe some points in play and some variations in the rules.

J. M. Michaelson

## Mr. Richards gets things out of Bottles

HERE we go again—but this time it's not sippers. Let's be serious on the subject of bottles and their contents.

In 1837 an American steamer vanished off the Newfoundland coast. Sixty-two years later an ordinary-looking bottle was thrown up on the Irish coast, and an extraordinary message greeted the eyes of the discoverer. It conveyed the last news ever to come from the captain of the ill-starred steamer.

The words of the hastily scrawled message revealed stark drama.

"The ship has sunk, and more than twenty of the crew are missing," it read. "There are only eight of us in a single boat, and we're rowing eastwards towards an island we can see. Save us! We are depending on you."

Whether or not they made the island, to finish their lives as a colony, like the mutineers of the "Bounty" on Pitcairn Island, will never be known now. But at least the note revealed in 1899 the fate of some of the men who went to sea in a steamer that vanished.

A message that travelled southwards from the North Pole proved valuable for the living. This time the sender was rescued long before the bottle was picked up. The ar-

rival of the bottle verified the story behind the sending of it.

When the airship "Italia" came to grief over the North Pole, its commander, Nobile, cast a last despairing message into the icy sea. He never in his wildest dreams imagined he would be relieved to see that bottle again.

Nobile was rescued, but for a long time he suffered taunts and reproaches from those who refused to believe his story.

The message in the bottle, when it finally turned up, confirmed his explanation and silenced the critics.

During the 1st Great War the Zeppelin L.9 made an attack on London and then vanished for ever out of the world. There had been no report of a counter-attack by British aircraft; and so the fate of the L.9 remained a mystery.

Then the day came when a bottle was picked up in the Skagerrak, off the coast of Denmark. It contained one of the most dramatic and poignant stories ever told. The airship had crashed into the sea, and as death stared them in the face the members of the crew had written farewell messages to their families.

One of the crew wrote: "We are still living, but there is nothing to eat. Earlier on, a

steamer came very close, but apparently did not see us. Our courage lessens as the storm increases."

To this message the Commander added an official postscript and thus drew the curtain over the last fateful scene:

"It is eleven o'clock at night, and we have just said our last prayers on the platform while the Zeppelin is sinking. The increasing storm is already driving the waves high over the wreck."

But here is the story of at least one occasion when a bottled appeal for help was answered almost as quickly as if it had been sent by radio.

On the Yangtze River a Chinese river steamer was suddenly attacked by pirates. After a short, grim struggle the pirates succeeded in removing most of the important passengers in order to hold them for ransom.

One alert member of the crew, however, was not so easily defeated. Secretly he managed to scrawl a message for help and enclose it in a bottle. He then threw it into the swiftly flowing river.

A few hours later the message was picked up in the water by a sailor on a gunboat. At once the course of the gunboat was altered; the chase was on. The escaping pirates were swiftly overtaken, and after a sharp fight they were all either killed or captured. The prisoners were released—thanks to a bottle.



# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

STAMP forgeries have been used in this war by the Germans for propaganda purposes, though they were so crudely executed—Stalin placed side by side with King George VI in the long format Coronation design—that they could scarcely have achieved the result aimed at, whatever that was. I see that a contributor in the New York "Stamps" is recalling the celebrated "espionage" fake put out by the Allies in the last war, certainly one of the best-carried-out forgeries on record.

They were printed in London, with the sanction and active support of the British Government (he writes), and were reproductions of the then current German 10 and 15 pfennig stamps. There was a slight difference in the colour of the paper used: the fakes were printed on white paper, at a time that the Germans had run out of white paper.

Their existence was not known until after the war, when a member of the British Government revealed details regarding these stamps and disclosed their purpose. As the German home front started to crumble, the Allies tried to speed up an internal collapse by distributing propaganda leaflets to the German population.

The best way they could find was to use the mails, but British agents inside Germany did not want to arouse the suspicions of the German postal authorities by purchasing large quantities of current stamps at a time when comparatively few letters were written.

Thus, a bright official suggested that the British Government supply the demand from their own printing presses. This plan was adopted with great success.

One reason why these rather crude fakes were not discovered may well be that the Germans were too occupied with something else at the time—the Yanks had just landed in France.

It is highly unlikely, of course, that the reason given by this writer for the success of this trick is the correct one. The landing in Europe of American troops would hardly have engrossed the German postal authorities to the extent suggested. The stamps were, moreover, something better than "crude fakes," and I think they succeeded because the job was well conceived and well executed.

In Germany, during peace-time, very few forgeries have been attempted, and these quickly detected and the culprits punished. All countries view stamp forgery as seriously as currency forgery, and for a very obvious reason.

The Swiss forger, Fournier, was easily the most successful criminal of his class, and he got away with it for a while owing to a peculiarity of Swiss law which laid it down that "it is not illegal to produce imitations of foreign stamps if they are no more valid." Fournier's stamps were "reproductions" and not forgeries. He sold them as such, without marking them as fakes. They were excellent imitations.

Specialists have, from time to time, made exhaustive collections of forged stamps. They have their own rarity value.

The writer in "Stamps" asks what collectors can do to protect themselves against fakes. He lays down six rules:—

- (1) Read philatelic literature, stamp magazines and handbooks.
- (2) Buy your stamps from a dealer you know to be reliable.
- (3) Have doubtful stamps examined by an expert. It pays to be sure.
- (4) Be wary of special offers, such as expensive stamps at very low prices. Nobody, not even stamp dealers, can give something for nothing.
- (5) Don't forget that there are faked expert marks.
- (6) As a final consolation to those who have been taken in by faked stamps, remember that the law catches up with all these forgers sooner or later.

I am reproducing this week a Russian commemorative and two German stamps, one in aid of the Winter Help Fund, with the design of a family group, and the other a special issue for Germany's "Day of the Stamp," depicting an old-time stage coach.



THE name of Covent Garden may mean to some people a land of barter and exchange, to some it may mean the home of grand opera, while to another small section it may bring back memories of an evening at the dance hall.

Originally known as Convent Garden, the place in the Middle Ages formed part of the metropolitan estate of the Abbots of Westminster. The market dates from around 1630, and the theatre is roughly a hundred years younger.

Probably the most romantic part of Covent Garden is the market, the place where the main bulk of the nation's fruit and vegetables, not to speak of flowers, are disposed of.

Here, from early dawn until late after sunset, buyers and sellers bargain with each other, the one to dispose of the goods at as high a price as

possible, and the other to buy them at as cheap a price as possible.

Covent Garden market is as typical a piece of London as you are likely to find, and anyone who goes there in the early morning is likely to see the same goods which later in the day will be on sale at their local shops.

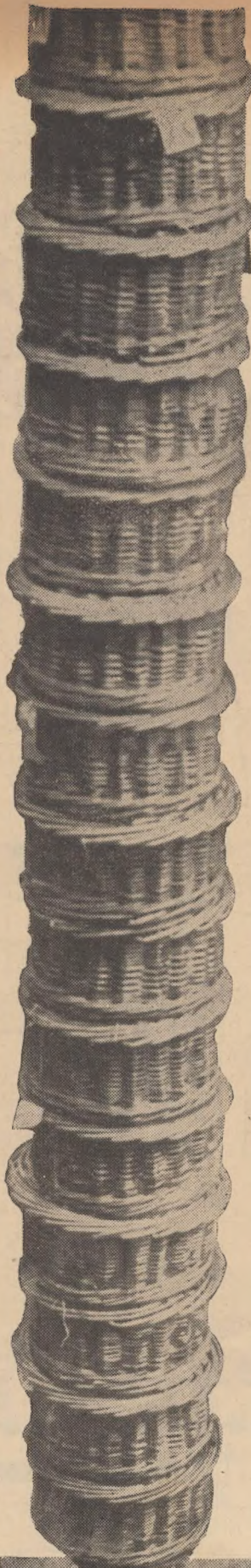
Covent Garden has somehow weathered the storm of the war, although there have been times during the past five years when the working of the market has been sadly interrupted. In the early part of 1941, many of the warehouses were closed, and many of the porters were put out of work by the lack of trade. With many more porters called up, the market sank very low, but imports of fruit from abroad, especially at Christmas-time, have brought the market back almost to its pre-war state, and the cries of the traders each morning once again greet visitors to the market.



Ever seen the Old Girls shelling peas behind the stalls at Covent Garden? It's a case where the quickness of the hand deceives the eye.



Unloading cases of oranges. There was more fruit available this Christmas than at any time since the war.



And here's how the market looked in the days of plenty, at the turn of the century.



Here's a typical mid-morning scene. Most of the produce has already been sold and carted away to the retail shops.



Scene in the Floral Hall. Not nearly so many flowers now, of course, but the old market still puts up a brave show in spite of the war.